

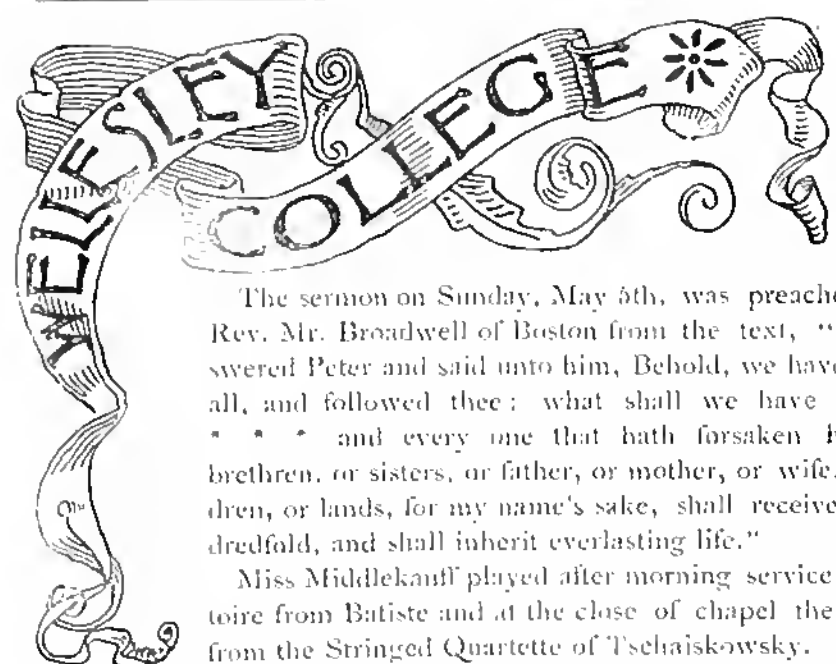
# The Current

College Edition.

VOL. I.—No. 32.

WELLESLEY, MASS., FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



The sermon on Sunday, May 5th, was preached by the Rev. Mr. Broadwell of Boston from the text, "Then answered Peter and said unto him, Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee: what shall we have therefore?" \* \* \* and every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

Miss Middlekauff played after morning service an offertory from Batiste and at the close of chapel the Andante from the Stringed Quartette of Tschaiskowsky.

The subject of the five o'clock prayer-meeting was, "For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." The monthly missionary meeting was held in the chapel at half past seven.

## The Work of the French Canadians.

Sunday evening the Roman Catholic question was very ably treated by Rev. Mr. Amaron of Springfield, who spoke of the work among the French Canadians in the United States. Mr. Amaron said: In the history of every nation there come certain crucial times on which the future of the nation depends. Such a time seems to have come to this republic with the question of how to assimilate the various nationalities among us, and the country is looking to New England for the answer. There are 300,000 French Canadians in New England and a million in the United States, and the immigration has not yet reached its height. The Roman Catholic clergy favor immigration because they have seen that the French Canadians exercise great influence by means of their churches, the French press, the parochial schools, the national convention, and finally the naturalization club by means of which the church controls voters. Mr. Amaron, whose father was a missionary from Switzerland, and a descendant of the Waldenses, said that it often made his Waldensian blood boil to be rebuked by Christian ministers for saying that Romanism is not the Gospel. There are several reasons for carrying on the work. A comparison of the history and present condition of the French and English colonies, the one founded on superstitions, and the other on the word of God, shows the former a down-trodden, ignorant race, and the latter a prosperous nation. Patriotism should lead Americans to take up this work. The immigration will continue on account of the burdens laid on the people by the church in Canada, and by its very constitution, embodying such doctrines as papal infallibility, the church is a foe to American institutions. The present agencies will not suffice to make good citizens of the French Canadians. The church has lost very largely in numbers of late years, but where are those who have broken away from her? Nearly all the Chicago Anarchists were sons of Roman Catholics. The work is carried on as all mission work is, by teaching and preaching. The first church was founded in 1887, and since then four other churches have sprung up, and there are prosperous missions in many of the Massachusetts towns. There is great need of workers, and hence the necessity was felt of a school for training Roman Catholic boys for the work. The object of the school, which last year moved from Lowell to Springfield, is to prepare young men to enter the Middle class of some theological seminary that, after graduation, they may become missionaries. There are now fourteen students and, in spite of frugal living and a system of domestic work, the need of money is great. The boys themselves feel that they have received great good, and it seems that the work must succeed since it rests on whole-souled sacrifice. Mr. Amaron's young wife consented to the giving up of their pleasant home and taking charge of the school, and for three months all the cooking and mending of the family fell upon her. It proved too much for her strength, and her health is now in a highly precarious condition. Mr. Amaron concluded his address by warning us not to fall into the mistake of the lighthouse keeper, who kept his lamps burning brightly but forgot to open the blinds of the tower. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

## Prof. Winchester's Lecture on Burns.

On Monday evening, May 6th, Prof. Winchester of Wesleyan University gave a lecture on Robert Burns. This lecture was one of the most interesting of the year. The criticism of the poet's works was interwoven with the story of his life very effectively, and various selections were finely rendered, particularly "The Waving O'."

When the spirit of liberty was changing political and religious opinion, a century ago, the larger ideas and quenched enthusiasm were expressed in the literature, and a new literary era came in with Wordsworth, Scott and Byron. But the new poetry really began in the harvest field of Scotland, on the banks of the Ayr, in the songs of Robert Burns. His life was a tragedy. Although naturally gay and buoyant, a youth spent in struggling poverty and continual dread of beggary and want made him gloomy and depressed. Then, too, he suffered intellectual poverty. His imagination and natural literary taste found almost nothing for their gratification. He had many social gifts, wit, versatility, tact and brilliant conversation, but no opportunity to use them. His youth was hard, and he felt it, but he had light spirits, independence and self-respect.

At twenty-four, begins a new chapter of his life, when he was refused by his first love, the "Mary Morrison" of the well-known song. Leaving home he went to the vile little sea-coast town of Irvine to learn the manufacture of flax. Among the sailors and smugglers he learned that a modicum of vice was manly: his life was darkened by sins as well as sorrows; he became melancholy, and in bravado wrote verses he ought never to have written. Called home again by the death of his father, he set to

work on the farm, calculating crops and going to market, and in those two years of comparative thrift he wrote nine-tenths of the poems we know love best. Only on his farm, in companionship with his own imagination and the truths of nature, was he a poet. He composed his verses while following the plow, and at night wrote them out, putting them away in the deal table drawer in his little attic. They were full of pathos, pithy wisdom, and the expression of daily human sympathies, yet he was but a plain farmer. But the farm was a failure and shadows thickened around him. At this time came his acquaintance with Jean Armour, followed by troubles which shortened and darkened his life. The only brightness in this gloomy period was the love of "Highland Mary," whose death cut short his joy. At the end of the unhappy summer he went to Edinburgh to publish his poems.

We who live at the close of the literary era at the beginning of which he wrote can scarcely realize how welcome was this fresh and simple verse to people wearied with the chill philosophy and academic rhetoric of the old school. Through him nature and passion came back to English poetry. He wrote with simple naturalness, using the homely obvious phrase which comes unsought. His intensity of spirit made whatever he wrote full of bounding life. He is almost the only great poet who stands among the people while he sings, sharing their life in outward circumstance and inward thought. His passionate intensity is his chief charm. His verses breathe simple and honest pathos, sympathy beyond the human limit, pity, tenderness, truth. There is more humour in his poetry than any other since Shakespeare; sometimes it is gentle humour, then droll waggery, and again rollicking fun. His love-songs are the best in the language. He sees with wonderful clearness and truth; and his vigorous common-sense, expressed in terse sentences, has passed into scores of common sayings and familiar quotations.

At Edinburgh his triumph was sudden and brilliant. He was the lion of the day. He waited two years there, then made his last struggle to lead a right life. He married Jean Armour, moved to Dumfries and worked his farm. His poetic inspiration returned by snatches; but fixed and resolute effort was lost, and habits of thrift could not be easily regained. In three years the farm failed. With his brightness and elasticity all gone, he was slowly deserted by all; despondent he spent his time in the taproom, and died prematurely old at thirty-seven. The vivid imagination and rugged intensity of his Scottish nature made the unlettered man great. He was not only a great poet, but the great popular poet of equal interest to scholar and peasant. He was the most human of all the poets. His honest and noble traits, shining in his verses and in his life, have made him a part of the household songs of a race.

Prof. Winchester was fully in the spirit of his subject, and so put his listeners into the same spirit, that everyone went away enthusiastic and with a strong desire to read Burns.

## Philosophy Club.

The Eighty-Nine Philosophy Club on Friday, May 3, was devoted to "Next Year." The first advice given was applicable alike to Alumnae and undergraduates. *Take the College paper.* Loyalty to Wellesley demands from all support for her paper. Advantages must come in the awakened interest in college affairs and in the bond which thus unites all classes. Again, join the Association of Collegiate Alumnae. The work of this body is work that needs to be done and added power comes from organization. Further still, there are benefits which do come from keeping a lively interest in all that college women are doing. If education is not to stop with commencement day, it will be better to apply for a second degree, because study will thus be systematic and well directed.

Most expect to be teachers, but the responsibilities of a teacher should not be undertaken except by one who looks forward with pleasure to a life of teaching. Those who do not teach may find positions as secretaries or in editorial work. A bright woman will invent something to do. But after all, most will teach, and in the first year of teaching one must not expect to do private studying. The school-room work will give opportunity to learn plenty of new things. But with the second year definite work should begin, even though little can be accomplished at a time. Those who are at home will find that unless regular time be set apart for studying, nothing will be accomplished. By virtue of a college education, demands for leadership in social work will be imperative, and these demands should be met. More than all, keep alive and abreast of the interests of the day. Keep in vital union with the College and with the work the world is doing.

## Prof. Denio's Lecture.

The fourth English lecture on German Literature was given in the chapel, Saturday, May 4, by Prof. Denio. The subject was the Nibelungenlied. The lecture was a most delightful one to hear after the one given by Prof. Fay on Monday night. Prof. Denio took up some of the many critical and technical points which are of interest to the student of this great epic. The scenes of the poem are laid in Burgundy and upon the river Danube. The people of the *lied* are Kriemhild, Siegfried, Hagen, the brothers of Kriemhild, Rudiger, Brunhild and the people of the Burgundian and Hunnish courts. Kriemhild is the only fully developed character, and she stands as an illustration of the fact that crime may be but virtue carried to excess. The action covers a period of thirty-seven years. The tale has been transmitted to us by ten complete and eighteen fragmentary manuscripts. It was probably written between 1180 and 1190. The people are real people who once lived and wrought upon earth. Kriemhild was an ancient Burgundian queen. The real people were given characteristics derived from ancient mythology. Prof. Denio added a short account of some of the poems and sagas related to the Nibelungenlied, especially the Gudrunlied, and closed by giving suggestions upon the value of the work.

## Miss Proctor's Reading.

On Thursday, May 2, Stone Hall parlor was filled with an audience assembled to hear Miss Edna Dean Proctor, who recited a number of her own poems. To celebrate this centennial season, she began with a patriotic poem to Washington Monument. "The Maid of New Hamp-

shire" was given in honor of Miss Proctor's native state and for the pleasure of any New Hampshire girls who might be present. This was followed by "Easter Morn" at Mrs. Claffin's request, and "Christmas Eve" at the request of Miss Hodgkins. The exquisite poem "Friends Who Were and Friends Who Are," is one which Miss Proctor wrote at the home of Mrs. Claffin, her inspiration coming from the invisible presence of the daughter, whose memory is enshrined in our Chapel window. A stirring poem in the form of an address by El Mahdi to his people, which showed the poet's sympathy with the oppressed Soudanese, completed a most delightful program. We append the poem "Christmas Eve at Bethlehem."

The Christ-thorn rustles in the hedge,  
The chill wind sighs by Kedron's edge—  
The snow-wind blown from Lebanon;  
And though o'er Moab's mountain wall,  
Whose shadows down the Dead Sea fall,  
The stars in orient splendor climb  
As on that rarest night of time  
When Jesus for the world was won,  
Yet never Bethlehem's height or vale,  
Though shepherds watch till stars grow pale,  
Will see an angel's radiant flight,  
Burn through the splendor of the night,  
Or hear that seraph song again,  
"On earth be peace, good will toward men!"  
Only the Christ-thorn in the hedge,  
The chill wind's sigh by Kedron's edge—  
The snow-wind blown from Lebanon.

White through the gloom the convent towers  
Where tearful pilgrims count the hours  
With Aves until midnight's chime  
Shall usher in the day sublime,  
Thronging the nave of Helena;  
Or seek the crypt, their holiest quest,  
To read upon its stones imprest,  
"Hic Jesus Christus natus est."  
And kneel to kiss the pavement star!  
The silver lamps swing to and fro;  
The monks in long procession go,  
Slow winding round the altar stair;  
But crypt and shrine are mute and bare;  
The Christ is gone, the glory fled  
That shone above his manger bed,  
And the pale monks but mourn him there.  
Without, beside the guarded gate—  
The gate that fronts the rising sun—  
No hoary emirs-revered and  
With gifts to hail the new-born King;  
No shepherds from their pastures run  
To see the babe the angels sing,  
But all is hushed and desolate;  
Only the Christ-thorn in the hedge,  
The chill wind's sigh by Kedron's edge—  
The snow-wind blown from Lebanon.

And are we then forgot, bereft,  
Because no host the sky has left,  
No glory shone above the plain  
Where burst the high, seraphic strain,  
No wise men journeyed o'er the world  
With myrrh and frankincense and gold  
To greet the babe of Paradise  
In the low cradle where he lies?  
Nay! what do we with song or gem?  
Since that immortal night went by  
The whole earth is our Bethlehem,  
Hosannas ring from every sky!  
In forest glade, on billowy main,  
Judea's height, Nebraska's plain,  
By any shore or mount or sea  
Where faith and hope and love abide  
And self is lost in sacrifice,  
There the celestial gates swing wide  
And heaven descends to human eyes;  
There Christ the Lord is born again;  
There is his new Nativity!

Who sorrows for a vanished dawn  
When east and west proclaim the sun?  
Welcome be Bethlehem's silent lawn,  
Its songless skies and shadows dun,  
The Christ-thorn rustling in the hedge,  
The chill wind's sigh by Kedron's edge—  
The snow-wind blown from Lebanon!

## The White Lady.

The White Lady is the title of a dainty little parchment-covered book issued by Professor Morgan for the special use of the students who have attended her lectures on Philosophical Studies in Literature. It is the aim of the book to present the theory that the fair lady of literature who inspires the hero to be and to do his best is, in philosophical import, the ideal of perfect life which man ought to choose. A number of references to the works of the masters in literature, Shakespeare, Spenser, Tennyson and others, to the Nibelungen Lied and other fairy lore, afford suggestion for a wide range of independent research in the illustration of the theme. The method of pursuing such studies is presented in an outline of the philosophical principles developed in the two fairy tales, the Water Babies by Charles Kingsley, and Phantastes by George MacDonald, and in the great *Divina Commedia* of Dante. Every proposition is followed by the quotation from the text in which the truth is embodied, thus making the study complete even for those who have not access to the books under discussion.

An introduction directs the reader's attention to the three-fold revelation of the universal ideal of life in History, Art and Nature, and suggests the significance of the Nature symbols in white and gold so profusely scattered in earth and air and sea. Some pages of technical analysis follow, outlining the philosophical system upon which the literature studies rest. These outlines cover the causes determining the different phases of human life, the successive discoveries in the development of personal consciousness and personal conception, and the motives determining true human life.

Price 25 cents. For sale at the College Book Store. Mailed on application to Miss Estelle M. Hull, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.



## ELECTIVES.

GRACE ANDREWS, '89.

To complain is human, and even the Wellesley girl sometimes expresses dissatisfaction with her Alma Mater's courses; but she never complains that the range of studies offered for her choice is narrow or uninteresting. When she is tempted to look with wistful eyes upon the courses of other colleges, it is not because the latter offer, as electives, more enticing fruits of knowledge, but because they give more opportunity for securing them.

In these days, the charm of choosing freely, of assuming the responsibility for one's own life, is felt so strongly that one is apt to be overbold in assuming the accompanying burden. Those who are conscious of such a change in their judgment as makes the retrospective view of their college course very different from the anticipative would hesitate to have the choice of their work rest entirely with themselves.

At the present day, there is great difference in the elective systems of the various colleges. Harvard has almost no required studies. In the Freshman year, one lecture a week on science, during the first semester on Chemistry, during the second on Physics, is required and, also, French or German, if not presented at entrance. Throughout the four years essay work is expected of the student. With these exceptions the work is elective.

At the University of Michigan, about half of the work necessary for the degree of B. A. or of Ph. B., more than half of that necessary for the degree of B. S., and less than half of that for B. L. is required. The order in which this work shall be taken, is decided by the student. He may so arrange it as to bring it all into the first two years of his course, thus leaving the higher years entirely free.

At Cornell, the work of the Freshman year, thirteen hours weekly of the Sophomore year, and two hours weekly of the Junior and Senior years respectively are required.

At Vassar, the Freshman work is required with twelve hours weekly of the first semester and seven hours of the second semester of the Sophomore year. The Junior year is entirely elective, and the Senior year also, with the exception of four hours weekly of Philosophy in the first semester and three in the second.

Wellesley requires about twenty full courses, or their equivalent, for the degree of B. A. or of B. S. Of these, the student may elect seven, two coming in the Sophomore, two in the Junior and three in the Senior year. Manifestly, this allows much less time to elective work than is given in the other colleges mentioned and, in particular, leaves the higher years of the course less free.

That the work of the Freshman year and a large part of that of the Sophomore year should be required, seems wise. One who has just entered college, is not sure to have preferences sufficiently well grounded to warrant her in choosing her special line of life work; but at the end of two years, the case should be different. If her course has not brought the student to the front, where she knows her gifts and her deficiencies and can plan wisely for her own good, it has come short of its end.

Though it is human to desire more than seven electives, it is unjust to call that number positively illiberal. It permits, to a considerable extent, the following of personal preference and the prosecution of advanced studies in one or two departments.

It is only the classical student, however, that has seven electives. The scientific student has practically four; for of the seven, with which she is credited, one must be either Botany or Zoology, and two, modern language, or modern language and Latin. These courses in science and language are known as required electives. The appropriateness of the term *electives* is doubtless due to the fact that they offer a choice, in the one case, between Botany and Zoology, in the other, between French and German, or one of these modern languages and Latin. When, however, the range of possible subjects of study is considered, the limitation of such choice becomes apparent.

After completing her required studies, the scientific student has a fair knowledge of a large number of subjects and has had the opportunity of gaining proficiency in one modern language. Advanced work in any other subjects, Mathematics, Science, Philosophy, Language, History or Literature, must come under the four electives, which alone are entirely within her control.

Undoubtedly, it is desirable that the courses that lead to degrees so distinct as B. A. and B. S. shall in themselves be different. But while the classical student has eight periods of work weekly in her distinctive subjects, Greek and Latin, and for the rest of her required work has simply studies that are common to both courses, the scientific has twelve periods of work in modern language, three in Mathematics and three in Science.

Such limitation of the scientific course would be more reasonable were the position of the students in the course somewhat different. As it is, they often enter the course rather because they do not care for Greek, than because they do care for science. Otherwise, their tastes may be the same as those of their classical sisters, but they are given much less liberty in following them out.

Fortunately, the courses in modern language and in science are such that those, who are required to elect them, frequently comply with such entire willingness as to be unconscious that they are fulfilling anything but their own choice. But there are others who feel their will coerced, who feel that by the restrictions placed upon their electives they are prevented from doing their most effective work. I would make a plea in behalf of the scientific course. Let it be at least as free as the classical. Of the seven electives that we are told we have, let us have all entirely within our control.

### The Cobbler and His Last.

ROSE D. HOWE, '86.

In ages past there sat at his last,  
A cobbler in fair Wellesley,  
And all day long he sang this song,  
For a right jolly cobbler was he.

And as he cobbled, the last it wobbled  
With merriment and with glee,  
And joined in time, like a deep bassoon,  
With rollicking comrades.

"Oh, we're a pair with never a care,  
As we to our work attend,  
For maids cannot choose but wear out their shoes  
And bring them to us to mend.

"And the shoes of all sizes, all grades and all guises  
We stand in a lop-sided row,  
And then we sit down, in a stout leather gown  
And croon this our chorus low."

Chorus:—With a rap, rap, rap, and a tap, tap, tap,  
Our needle and pot of glue,  
On our three-legged stool, we handle each tool  
With skill and dexterity too.

### At Twilight.

JOSEPHINE A. CASS, '80.

All day I walk in Labor's dusty ways,  
And find in present work, my joy; at eve

Of Care and Toil, not loath, I take my leave,  
And on my quiet couch give place to Praise!  
Far upward to the shadowy blue I gaze,  
And watch the stars the great sun's loss retrieve.  
My soul, in one, doth Past and Future weave,  
And Hope and Memory chant accordant lays.  
The souls I love, distant however far,  
Come forth like stars that brilliant Day hath hid  
And look, with large, kind, comprehending eyes,  
Upon me thro' the gloom, serene and wise.  
How can I lonely be, those friends amid  
Whose love no change of time or place can mar?  
—Boston Transcript.

### Shadows.

HARRIOT BREWER, '86.

"They brought forth the sick into the streets, \* \* \* that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them." Acts V: 15

Walking through the haunts of men,  
Through the old Jerusalem,  
On the sick ones whom he passed  
Was the Apostle's shadow cast,  
Healing, cleansing, gladdening all,  
Wheresoe'er it chanced to fall.

All are bounded, now as then,  
By the wants and needs of men;  
And we must cast everywhere  
Shadows deep of character,  
Injuring or aiding all,  
Wheresoe'er they chance to fall.

Passing o'er this life's highway  
Fervently, O God! I pray  
That the shadow I must throw  
Bless, not blight, where e'er I go;  
May it help and gladden all,  
Wheresoe'er it chance to fall.

—The Living Church.

### SITTING AROUND THE SIRUP PAN.

BY ONE OF THE "SITTERS."

Of all localities, the most desirable one during "sugarin season" is found within stirring distance of a sirup pan. It is the *sweetest* place on earth.

As we poked the blazing fire and skimmed the foaming sap and saw one another through the fanciful clouds of steam, we realized the sensations of the magazine writer who sees romantic visions around the pans in sugar camps.

But the sub-voter who was in charge of this camp had no faith in sap-pan-visions. He said, "There aint no romance as I've seen, bilin sap all night with no company but the blubberin sap and misty steam." Magazine articles with their pictures of gay parties at camp were peculiarly visionary to him; for, although his camp was within twenty minutes walk of a large town, he had very few visitors. A man "dropped in" now and then, but a woman was an unexpected apparition.

The position from which an object is viewed makes a vast difference in its looks. We "sitters" who came to be pampered, to poke, to stir and to taste; to be told all the details of camp-life, to be shown all the arts of the trade, go away with sugary visions tacked up in the folds of our brain. But the "biler" who stirs for his fortune, sees only dull coin in the pan. Through the steam, he sees only the visions of loss or gain in the trade. Poking fire, stirring, tasting and boiling are essentially different things, when viewed as a matter of business or prized for the pleasure they bring.

It is unnecessary to describe the tapping of trees, the gathering of sap, the sugar house with its long brick furnaces, on the top of which sit the shallow, sheet-iron pans, and these details you are familiar, and the fact is each camp has its own mysterious method of converting sap into sugar. There are a few facts common to all camps which I wish to call to mind. Sixteen quarts of sap make only one quart of sirup; a gallon of sirup reduces to seven or eight pounds of sugar, according to the thickness of the sirup. The light colored maple sugar is real true maple sugar, and not common light brown sugar, as many of us innocents think. The light color is the result of stirring the sap when it is at the sugar point, until it grains. We tried it ourselves and were surprised at the result. The light sugar is worth from two to four cents more on a pound than the dark sugar.

The parlor of the sugar house was not a "study parlor;" none the less it was a parlor for a study. Size 9x10; in one corner a bed, in another a cask of sirup—sweet he thy sleep, O Sugar Boiler!—at one side a stove, at the other a table and a bachelor's supply of cooking utensils; from the ceiling hung a glass lantern, while the problem of ventilation solved itself in windy discussions through the knot-holes in the clapboards and the chinks in the corners.

As we sat in this palace of mystical legend; as we drank our own health in the cold sap, quaffed a cup of the warm sap, sipped the boiling sap sparingly, drank of it when it became sirup, then ate of the sugar; as we traced sugar by taste, through its various physical changes; as we now live again that bright day in our memory, we say there is poetry in the sap-pan for those who are "sitters," although for the boiler it is prosy enough.

### A TRUE GHOST STORY.

ISABEL PUFFER, '91.

Many years ago there stood near the mouth of the James river a large stone country house, where had lived several generations of a family named Melville. The dwelling was situated upon the summit of a hill, and commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country and of the river about a quarter of a mile distant. The old mansion was an odd specimen of architecture. From year to year additions had been made for comfort or convenience irrespective of the outward appearance, and at last the oldest part looking directly over the river was left as a wing to the rest of the building. This wing for years had seldom been opened except to accommodate guests, and among the servants on the plantation there was a misty tradition that one of the rooms in it was haunted. Once, early in its history, this room had been the scene of a tragedy. A daughter of the family happened to be left alone in the house with the servants. About twelve o'clock in the night one of the maids heard a loud shriek from her mistress' chamber. She rushed to the room, and there upon the floor lay the young lady, dead. No clue to the murderer was ever found. Once or twice after that, it was said, some one sleeping in that room had been awakened by the sound of heavy breathing or sighing, but no intruder could ever be found.

The occupants of this house at the time of my story consisted of an elderly gentleman, John Melville, his wife and daughter Anna. Since Anna was a child they had lived abroad, and only two years before had returned to Virginia, just at the breaking out of the Civil war. The first few weeks at home were wholly occupied in receiving and entertaining friends, and the old house awoke from a long rest to the sounds of music and happy voices. For several months a regiment of the Union Army was stationed near the plantation. The handsome young captain, at first attracted by Anna's beauty, finally became her accepted lover.

Although the family knew of the tradition connected with the room in the wing, they never gave it much thought or attention. So it happened

that Anna, who was of a cheerful disposition, chose this room for her own, not only because it was so large and pleasant, but especially on account of the beautiful outlook over the river. She was not a nervous girl and the idea of unusual excitement she was rather wakeful. The day had been warm, and the windows were thrown wide open to admit the cool evening air. About midnight she was suddenly aroused by a sound as of some one breathing, at first softly, near the window, but gradually growing louder and louder until she could almost feel the vibrations. Nearly paralyzed with terror, she raised herself on her elbow and listened. The breathing seemed to move across the room, then all was quiet again. Anna, cold with fear, scarcely dared move. She lay a long time trying to reason herself into thinking that she had been dreaming, but just before dawn she was again startled by the same sound, only this time it moved across the room toward the window, growing softer until it ceased altogether.

The next morning Anna came to breakfast looking very pale. Upon being questioned she related her night's experience. The family history was recalled and it was found that the past night was the anniversary of the very night upon which the young girl was murdered. The chamber was thoroughly examined, but nothing unusual was discovered. Yet for several nights the mysterious sound was heard, and at last Anna was obliged to move to another part of the house.

The captain, whose curiosity was greatly excited, proposed to Anna that they should watch together the next night in the haunted chamber. The girl readily agreed, and accordingly they took their places not far from the window, about eleven o'clock. It was a bright moonlight night, and although the vigil of the young people was attended with a feeling akin to awe, the prospect before them was not entirely unpleasant. As the clock struck twelve they sat breathless with expectation, straining every nerve to catch the slightest sound. Nothing was heard and after waiting nearly an hour longer they were about persuaded that the ghostly visitor would not appear that night, when Anna clutched the captain's arm and motioned him to listen. A faint breathing was heard, apparently coming from the window and growing louder and more distinct as it moved across the room, until it was like a deep-drawn sigh. Then all was quiet again. For some time the two sat in speechless amazement; finally, somewhat encouraged by the silence, Anna began in a low, frightened voice to recount the tragedy of the haunted room. The flickering shadows of the trees outside played strangely over the floor, and the murdered form of the girl was in imagination lying before them.

The long hours passed more slowly than ever before. Just before dawn they again heard the breathing, and now it was almost a sobbing. They peered anxiously into the dim light, but nothing could be distinguished. At last the young man, in an agony of desperation, rose and followed the sound as it receded toward the window; as he glanced out, he saw hanging above the river a long trail of light smoke, and beyond, dimly outlined against the grey dawn, was a long low craft swiftly gliding out to sea. There was the key to the riddle. The craft proved to be a Block-ade Runner from the Bermudas, which, to prevent discovery, was obliged to run up the river in the night and return to sea again before daybreak.

The only explanation ever given to the movement of the sound across the room was that just below the house there occurred a sharp bend in the river, at such an angle that as the steamer passed the point the sound was thrown into that one room with the effect that has been described. Thus was one more ghost vanquished.

### AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

CAROLINE STRONG, SPECIAL STUDENT.

Far out along our western coast lies a wonderful inland passage through which the steamers go on their way to and from Alaska. It is a perfect place for a summer voyage, and the memory of the happy days when we wound in and out among the more than thousand islands is among the treasures of my life. There are many delightful things about it all, not the least of them its absolute restfulness, but I want now only to speak of one perfect day among the many, for it seems to me an experience which could never be paralleled in any other voyage, unless one could sail to the

"Far, far north  
Where a scarlet sun doth rise."

One evening, about ten o'clock, when the long northern twilight was not over, we had anchored in front of the great Muir glacier, and about a mile from it. It seemed, however, as if we were directly under the jagged wall of ice which rose before us. Almost all on board had been busy for an hour past in preparation, consisting chiefly in donning as grotesque costumes as possible for a walk in the field of ice. As we leaned over the side of the vessel, watching the sailors harpoon and draw into nets little icebergs for our ice-supply, and waiting for the boats which did not come, it gradually dawned on our minds that the captain had no idea of permitting the evening excursion. Long, deep and loud was the murmuring, until the captain checked it with his usual threat of carrying us out to sea if we were rebellious.

In order, however, to compensate us for the disappointment, on the return voyage from Sitka he took us into Takon Inlet, where the memorable hours I wish to describe were spent.

Imagine our vessel anchored in the sheltered bay where, except for ourselves, reigned utter solitude and silence. We seemed, and were, miles away from civilization, and there was not a sign of life about us. We were surrounded by mountains, and sombre fir-forests, except where two large glaciers sloped down to the water's edge, making an open angle in which we lay. The water was calm and dark, but the wonder and the beauty of the scene were the icebergs. Everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, were the majestic masses, moving slowly forward or up and down with the motion of the water. Some were small, but many were very large, higher even than our steamer. They did not have the transparency which we associate with ice, but were opaque and dazzling in their snowy, lustrous whiteness. But deep down, as we looked into the fissures, could be seen the most wonderful, pure blue. I wish I had words intense enough to paint the intensity of that color. It was perfect, it was satisfying. It was clearer than the blue of a sapphire, deeper than the blue of a perfect June sky. It was one of the times when color alone impresses itself upon one by its very purity and perfection.

It would have been enough to stand in the crisp, cold air and to gaze at that marvellous Arctic scene, until a little of its peaceful majesty should enter into the soul to make it less narrow and earthly than before. But we were to be allowed to go even nearer those grand, floating mountains. The boats were brought to the vessel's side and, having taken our places in them, we were carried in and out among the icebergs, near enough to put our hands upon them, and we were even allowed, for one brief moment, to stand upon one,—a rather dangerous experiment. We drew nearer and nearer to the glacier, and had the good fortune to see a large piece of ice, ambitious for a place of its own, break from the rugged wall and fall with a thundering sound into the water, rocking our boats with the waves it made in beginning its career as an iceberg.

But we could not prolong the day for ever, and, having returned to the vessel, we turned and slowly passed out of the enchanted bay, with many a regretful look backward, till the snowy towers and pinnacles faded from our sight and we left them to the grand solitude of their mountains and forests.

The ladies of Harvard Annex have challenged the Columbia co-eds to an eight-oared race.



## Be Still.

E. F. ARBE, '88.

When, wild and dark, the tempest o'er the sky  
Sweeps in its fury, and the tall pines reel;  
When, through the gloom, the quivering lightnings ply,  
And booming thunders echo peal on peal:  
There comes a voice my heart with peace to fill:  
"Be still, and know that I am God." Be still!"

When sweetly bends the deep blue sky above,  
And dainty cloud-ships gaily sail away;  
When gentle breezes coyly whisper love;  
When laughing sunbeams frolic o'er the bay:  
There comes a voice my heart with joy to fill:  
"Be still, and know that I am God." Be still!"

When slowly, softly falls the fleecy snow,  
Flake after flake in silence floating down,  
Changing to fairy land the world below,  
Robing in purest white the hilltops brown:  
There comes a voice my heart with faith to fill:  
"Be still, and know that I am God." Be still!"

## HOW I CAME BY A BERGHEM, AND HOW ITS VALUE GREW.

PROFESSOR EREN NORTON HORSFORD.

(CONCLUDED.)

It was under the inspiration of this communication from one of the fellows of the Academy that, as I passed Leonard and Cunningham's, I thought I would look in and see if there might, by chance, be any old pictures about to be sold at auction.

The pamphlet given me by Mr. Leonard related that many, many years before, this collection of pictures had been assigned to a Boston commission house by an unknown owner, accompanied by a brief letter sent from some point on the lower Rhine, requesting that the whole collection be sold for \$2,800, and the money remitted to him without delay. At that time pictures were less in demand than they have since become, and pictures without a history were not likely to bring their full value. To sell them together for the specified sum was not practicable. To sell them individually, though it might take some time, seemed the only way to secure the estimated value. Fairly to offer them to purchasers, it was indispensable that some account of them, or, if possible, the names of the artists should be presented by the owner. A letter was accordingly addressed, requesting the needed special information, and further action suspended until a reply should be received.

To this letter no answer came. A second and third, after waiting a suitable interval, in the days of sailing vessels, were sent in vain. No answer was ever received. The conclusion to which the gentlemen of the commission house came was that the unknown correspondent had probably found himself ill, and in want of funds, and had directed these pictures to be sold to meet his pecuniary needs; and that before the first letter asking for information had reached his temporary residence, he had died.

The proper entries were made in the books and in due time the members of this commission house, after a prosperous career, were succeeded by a new firm, who attempted, but unsuccessfully, to re-open the correspondence. And they, in turn, taking care to preserve the consignment of pictures, ran their course, and were succeeded by the house as constituted at the time of my visit.

The new firm, in taking an account of the consignments, found among their effects a lot of dirty old pictures, in a condition any thing but inviting. On looking up their history, they determined to sell them to Leonard and Cunningham's to be sold at auction for not less than \$2,800. There was not a bid. The pictures were returned, and after a year again sent to the auction-rooms to be sold for what they would bring to the highest bidder. The collection was to be sold on the coming Wednesday.

The possibility of finding, by chance, in this collection of pictures, the work of a noted artist, perhaps of one of the early masters, began to unfold before me. The examination of the pictures in their dilapidated and encrusted condition, revealed no names or ciphers. The details of most of them were quite indistinct. The one that interested me most was a picture representing a group of peasants about a white heifer. The peasants were dressed in gay colors, and I thought I discovered in the group a suggestion of mythological theme. On this picture I decided, with due regard to the condition of my purse, to venture the bid of ten dollars. If any competitor were to bid above that sum the picture would be lost to me. The day of sale came, and the picture was struck down to me for seven dollars and a half.

I took it to Mr. Harworth, a man of much critical taste and experience in cleaning pictures, and stated to him that, from the circumstances under which the picture had come into my possession, I had entertained the idea the picture might have sufficient value to warrant the expense of having it cleaned and framed. Would he be kind enough to keep it until I should be in town again, and tell me whether it was worth while to have it cleaned, and, if it was, what remuneration would be involved? He glanced at the picture and remarked that it was obviously a picture that had been prized by a former owner, as it had been transferred from the original to a new canvas. He would look at it and tell me when I next called.

Yes, he had examined it. It was manifestly the work of one of the old masters, but he could not say whose works it most resembled. It would be worth fifty dollars to clean it. With the shudder which this announcement gave, I had scarcely spirits to say that I should be obliged to delay the work of cleaning. The picture was taken home, and for years slumbered in quiet, till a favorable opportunity to have it cleaned presented itself, when the suspected beauties were brought out, and I beheld the group of the family of 10 gathered about the white heifer,—the father despairing, the gaily overhauled, the neighboring cows lying on the grassy slope or going down hill, and in the distance water, numerous sailboats, a walled town, towers, fields, mountains, a gorgeous sky, and a blurred spot where one might hope to find the signature of the artist.

The picture, some thirty by forty inches, was honored with a frame, and brought down and out to be seen and enjoyed by others. The conviction that the picture would turn out some day to be a valuable one had strengthened.

It chanced that in the late war I was dining in Washington with an old officer of our Navy, of early distinction as an explorer and discoverer, and to whom striking prominence had recently been accorded in consideration of an arrest on the high seas. My seat happened to be such that immediately before me on the wall were two small pictures,—possibly twelve by sixteen inches,—twins in size and general expression. I recognized them on the instant as the productions of the artist, whoever he might be, who had painted my picture. I asked the Commodore if he knew any thing of the history of the pictures before me. "Oh, yes," said he, "they are an heirloom in the family. They are mentioned in my grandfather's will, and if you will come around and dine a week hence, I will tell you all about them."

I renewed my question on the next opportunity, and found that the pictures had been painted by Berghem, a Flemish artist of the seventeenth century [1624-1683].

On this hint I went to the library at the Capitol, and through the courtesy of Mr. Spofford was enabled to learn much of this artist, and to see outline engravings of typical specimens of his works, accounts of the sale of his pictures from time to time, etc. There was something in the

costumes and figures of the peasants that, to me, was unique and characteristic. The blues and reds were brilliant. The animal figures had attitudes peculiarly their own. They were the figure, the costumes, the expressions, the bright colors to be found in my picture.

A careful examination of the library of the Gray Collection of Engravings in Harvard College Library, now in the Boston Art Museum, brought to light numerous catalogues of great interest and value. I was enabled to trace many pictures of Berghem to private and public collections and galleries, and to find the prices his pictures had commanded. One had sold for £1,600.

Two particulars of much interest rewarded this examination of catalogues; one, the numerous ciphers and signatures adopted by Berghem; and another, (in Smith's great catalogue), an account of a picture by Berghem, last in the possession of the Duc de Praslin, entitled "Juno giving to Argus charge of 10." There was, then, a well-known picture by Berghem based upon the mythological theme of which my picture presented one illustration! I found, also, that there were numerous counterfeits of Berghem, examples of which I found at a later period both in the British Museum (Department of Engravings) and in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

In 1873, while in the city of Munich, I found several pictures of Berghem. They threw better light on the subject of my study. But soon after my return from Europe, one morning when the sun shone favorably into the room in which my picture was hanging, I saw what looked like a signature, in which, either because my eyesight was influenced by my hopes, or because there was in reality a signature or cipher before me, I saw a capital B.

I had previously invoked the criticism of two much-practised judges of paintings. One saw nothing like the style of Berghem in my picture. The other said: "Oh, Berghem never made the mistake of painting figures with such long bodies and short legs." With another I was, to a certain degree, successful. He saw what to me was a B, and to him it seemed a B.

In Carl Blanc's History of Painters there were found several typical pictures of Berghem. In one there was a girl on her knees, milking a goat. There was another of a landscape in which there were several particulars, unmistakably suggesting features of my picture. There were the little sail-boats with their leg-o'-mutton sails; the cows going down hill with their instinctive drooping and close pressure of the tail, which marks a certain restraint due to timidity. There was the oblique strip of water across the picture, a tower, and the battlements like a fillet round the top, the long enclosing walls of a town, the peculiar profile and costume of a peasant, the conformation of the cumulus clouds, the group of mountains in the back-ground.

I caused this little engraving to be very carefully traced on transparent paper, and placed it with the cipher, also traced from the catalogue the account of the picture of Juno giving instructions to Argus to keep watch of 10, last in the possession of the Duc de Praslin; and continued service as those do who wait.

The year 1880 found me in Paris where, in the Louvre, I had opportunity to study twenty-seven undoubted Berghems. To these I devoted repeated visits, in the hope of becoming, if one might, so instructed in Berghem's mental peculiarities as to be able to recognize his work.

I visited the Bibliothèque Nationale, and saw in the Department of Engravings all the engravings, etchings, and lithographs of sketches of outlines by Berghem that had been there accumulated. I visited numerous dealers in old engravings, with a view to possess myself of every sample that bore upon the question of what was characteristic in Berghem. One original etching of cows, valued at only £30, for the moment dampened my ardor; but the dealer, equal to the emergency, showed me a duplicate I could have for one hundred francs, as it had had the misfortune to be decorated with two drops of beer or coffee. As this defect did not prevent the copy from fulfilling its office of instruction, it was added to my collection.

My largest harvest in Paris was at a collection of photographs of the pictures of the old masters, where I obtained twenty or more, some of them exceeding characteristic Berghems. A few days later I added to my store of engravings from kindred dealers in London, and had the satisfaction, in the Department of Engravings of the library of the British Museum, of pointing out to the courteous custodian a spurious Berghem that had found its way into the collection. One thing further in London. At the National Gallery I found, among several Berghems, one picture in the collection purchased by the government of Sir Robert Peel, the finest small picture of cows by this artist that had fallen under my eye. It was more brilliant than any that I had seen in Paris or Munich or Berlin; about twelve by sixteen inches; valued in the bill of sale at £470.

The curator of the Gray Collection of Engravings in the Boston Art Museum had authorized Mr. Soule to take photographs of the engravings of the Gray Collection, and kindly permitted me to have taken without delay photographic copies of all the Berghem engravings and etchings. To these I finally added some already in the possession of Mr. Soule, and still others from dealers in New York.

One thing only remained to enable me to proceed with my study. As my picture was some thirty by forty inches, I must have some photographs of reduced size for convenience in comparison. These were obtained of lesser proportions, and I was ready to begin my critical study.

On looking through my now considerable collection of Berghems, any one could not fail to become impressed with the feeling that the artist, whose wife was forever urging him to ply his brush for the money it brought, and who is said to have painted some three thousand pictures in all (Smith has catalogued some 417) had early very carefully made a number of studies, and had at ready command a collection of stock heads, stock figures and attitudes, and costumes, stock castles, stock mountains, clouds, cows, dogs, goats, horses, boats, sails, etc. His peasant woman's dresses had double sleeves, double jackets, or waists with the sleeves rolled up, revealing half the arm. Occasionally there were scarfs or shawls loosely thrown on. One style of dressing the hair, in which a braid was coiled into a circle or curve, was frequently repeated. The peasant men wore, more than any other form of hat, one with a pliable broad brim and soft top, of the form of the frustrum of a cone. One particular face, whenever introduced, was uniformly clothed in a sort of cowl, and accompanied by a kind of cloak, or dressing-gown.

Now let us place the original picture before us. The white heifer with a wreath about the neck and a fringed robe or blanket spread over its back, is the central figure in the foreground. The family of the wandering sister are dispersed around. One, kneeling, is peering into the soft, kindly eyes of a reclining cow. Two sisters, one of them kneeling, are busy with floral decorations or tufts of clover and grass for food. The father half turning away—a picture of mingled doubt, distress, and dismay,—is appealed to by the daughter near, who points with joyful assurance to the gaily just above their heads. The water stretches diagonally across the canvas. Here and there little boats with leg-o'-mutton sails, single and in motion, and others grouped and at rest, are distributed over its surface. Beyond rise cliffs and wooded mountains, on one of which, half way up, is a square tower with slightly overhanging battlements. At the foot of the mountains, rising above all the other elevations, is a tower terminating in a square pyramid half suggesting a steeple. Immediately upon the shore is a walled town. In the distance is another walled town at the level of the sea, and, more remote, another.

The coloring is rich. The stuffs of the peasants' dresses are red, blue, yellow, green, white. The sleeves are rolled up. The bodice is dark;

within is a light garment, light in texture and color, overflowing at the border. A dainty wreath or coil of braided hair crowns two heads. All are more or less decorated. The bodies and legs to the knee, taken together, seem long, and the legs below short.

One face is strikingly oval; the outline of a second presents a pug nose; a third has a square forehead; a fourth presents an Assyrian cast of features, and the head is enveloped in a cowl. Of the remaining trio, the faces are in part averted, or at least not turned toward the observer. One presents a straight nose. The figure of the one is kneeling, with the bottom of the feet turned up; that of the other is erect, easy and graceful. She is occupied in spreading a shawl, and the attitude is one of questioning, perhaps inclining to conviction and satisfaction. The fingers of the hand of the figure pointing to the gaily are finished by a white, oval dot near the end of each finger. All the figures abound in life and vigor, as if the product of a period when to give expression to these qualities was not difficult.

These styles of face are accompanied with certain characteristics giving the conviction that it is but a reproduction of the faces of strongly marked individuals, which had at some time been very carefully studied. Some of them appear in many of my engravings and photographic pictures. One contains four of the characteristic faces; several contain two. The pug nose and the cowed head and long mantle or dressing-gown, as presented in the Barn Dance, would be recognized at a glance; the square forehead and oval face with almost equal facility. In several pictures among my engravings the kneeling figure occurs twice, and the straight nose many times.

The cow descending the hill—a three-quarter view from behind—frequently occurs. The horns of the white heifer, and the hoofs, are found several times.

The tower is exactly repeated, and nearly so, several times. The sail-boats are strictly repeated, and their companionship of extended town walls is also repeated.

Last of all, one sees in the photograph less distinctly than in the picture, the cipher of Berghem, the B, with a C above, the initial of Claus (Nicolaus) which he frequently signed, and a little below and to the right a capital F.; and, most interesting, the plain strokes of a dark brush, with the evident, but unsuccessful attempt to obliterate the signature.

## Intercollegiate News.

Princeton's class-tax is \$12 apiece.

While Bismarck was in college he fought twenty-eight duels.—*Pulse*.

Forty-one books have been published by Yale professors within the last seven years.—*Yale Times*.

Amherst is to have a professorship of physical culture, in honor of the late Henry Ward Beecher.

The University of Michigan has 1882 students, thus ranking next to Harvard, with 1889.

Cornell students have been forbidden by the authorities of Ithaca to give their yell on the street.

The matriculation cards of students in German Universities admit their holders to the theatres at half price, shield them from arrest by the civil authorities, and give free admission to many of the art galleries and museums of Europe.

A college senate modeled after that of Amherst has been organized at Syracuse. Five Seniors, three Juniors, two Sophomores and one Freshman constitute the body. It will have considerable power in the management of the affairs of the college, although it is not given absolute powers by the Faculty.

More than a thousand dollars has been pledged to the missionary cause by students at Oberlin, and thirty-two names have been added to the list of those who "are willing and desirous to become foreign missionaries." Oberlin offers two fellowships at commencement to its graduates of this year. Each fellowship amounts to \$500. Red and gold are the newly adopted college colors.

The Wisconsin Legislature has passed a bill giving to the State University 1 per cent. of the State tax on railroad, telegraph and telephone companies. The annual income from this source will exceed \$10,000. The *Legis* of April 5th was jubilant in announcing this news. But April 15th the Legislature refused to pass a bill appropriating \$60,000 for a new gymnasium, and the boys are less bilarious.

G. C. Putnam's Sons have just issued a handsome volume, entitled: "Yale and Her Honor Roll in the Revolution," intending to commemorate the services of Yale men in the struggle for American nationality. It opens a new and brilliant chapter in Yale's annals. The honor roll is a long one, and most of the matter is new and of rare interest. The preparation of this valuable work is due to the researches of Prof. Henry P. Johnston (Yale, '62), now of the College of the City of New York.

The achievement of the girls of Cornell in carrying off half the scholarships of the year is a cause for much rejoicing among college women everywhere. The Cornell girls were peculiarly successful in prizes for mathematics, architecture and botany. It is curious that there is no branch of study in which the feminine mind more often shows supremacy than in the science of figures. The papers presented by the girls are said to be among the best ever presented for examination.—*E*x.

The University of Colorado, at Boulder, has recently added two members to its faculty by the establishment of full chairs of Greek and Biology. Heretofore these branches have been handled in connection with other departments. A scientific building will probably be erected in the near future. The medical school is well established in its new hall. The Legislature made no change in the source of income, leaving the one-fifth of a mill tax intact, so that the university will be enabled to add many desired improvements.

Cornell is a co-educational institution, and one of the professors, Dr. S. B. Newbury, of the Chemistry Department, is in trouble because he has taken an unfavorable attitude to co-education, and has slighted the young women. He has refused several "co-eds" admission to the organic laboratory, though they were as well prepared as the young men. One of the girls, a special student in chemistry, has gone to another college to continue her studies, and the students are very indignant. Professor Newbury is so unpopular that he has several times been hissed in his classroom, a thing almost unheard of at Cornell before.—*E*x.

A ruddy drop of manly blood  
The surging sea outweighs;  
The world uncertain comes and goes,  
The lover rooted stays.  
I fancied he was fled—  
And after many a year  
Glowed unexhausted kindness,  
Like daily sunrise, there.  
My careful heart was free again.  
O friend, my bosom said,  
Through thee alone the sky is arched;  
Through thee the rose is red.  
All things through thee take nobler form,  
And look beyond the earth;  
The mill-round of our fate appears  
A sun-path in thy worth.

—Emerson.



THE COURANT.  
COLLEGE EDITION.  
Terms for the College Year, . . . \$1.50.  
Editors. KATHARINE LEE BATES, '80. EDITH SOUTHER TUFTS, '84.  
ABBE CARTER GOODLOE, '80. LOUISE BRADFORD SWIFT, '90.  
ALICE A. STEVENS, '91.  
Editorial Contributors.  
PROF. ELLEN A. HAYES. ANGE PECK, '90. MARTIN A. ELY, '88.  
Publisher.  
CHAS. D. HOWARD, NATICK, MASS.  
Yearly subscriptions for the COURANT may be sent to Miss Tufts at Dana Hall, Wellesley. Special copies may be procured of Miss Goodloe, Room 18, Wellesley College.

The Owl and The Lamp.  
MARY RUSSELL BARTLETT, '79.

Let us for once toss up our caps—Oxford, or whatever else is handy—for both alike, all of us who owe allegiance to either. What difference does it make whether the mastery of hidden things be set within the piercing eye or trusted to the steady hand? Only let us hope that his fluffiness, the Phi Sigma Owl, will never again be deceived by the growing daylight of the College prosperity into closing his sleepy lids and tucking himself away beyond reach in a hollow oak; while as for those recreant maidens who have returned bringing their lamp with them, may it not be thought irreverent when we say that we trust they have this time brought oil enough in their vessels to last.

It is rare indeed in the affairs of men—perhaps not so rare in the affairs of women—that the same organization has possessed the double excellence of being so good that it had to die young and so bright that it could not remain dead. Such seems to have been the case with these lucky twins, unless we believe that their supposed death was but an abandonment to Nature's care and that, nursed by her shepherd forces in some nook which even the College botanist has not yet penetrated, they have now come to their own again as stately princesses with a dignity surpassing their infant promise.

Doubtless their time-honored rivalry has already arisen with them. The wearers of the shield will claim that they scorn all artificial illumination and make hold to thread the darkest of Error's mazes, secure that no power of disorder dare attack their impenetrable egos; and the bearers of the lamp will reply that if they but keep alive the fire divine which it contains, they need no foreign aid of armor for the breast or head; but are when unarmed best defended.

To an outsider the musical tastes of both must seem equally peculiar, for while the one continues her bi-monthly invitation to "come out and hear the owl hoot," the other persists in the curious choice of marching to the music of the triangle. But we to whom such summons comes with the welcome note of old association join in thanks to those persevering members of '89, '90 and '91 who in the midst of their red-letter days could not dispense with the Greek letter nights. It shall not be their fault or ours if the owl and the lamp—the winged insect and the kindling aspiration—fail to animate the best and wisest of Wellesley's daughters as long as Wellesley lives and grows.

News from Legenda.

The proofs for one of the phototype pages of the *Legenda* have come, and are a delight to all who have seen them. The page is made up of seven views of the College buildings, artistically grouped. The views are the main building from the lake, Stone Hall, Simpson, Freeman, Norumbega, Eliot and Waban. Although considerably reduced in size, every detail of the photographs, from which the views were taken, has come out with perfect clearness, and they are as satisfactory as the originals. In coloring the phototype is extremely soft, much more artistic than an engraving and perhaps than a photograph.

Dana Hall.

The Junior class entertained the Seniors in the parlors of Valhalla Cottage, Saturday evening, May 4th. The reception was followed by a dance on the lawn around a May-pole decorated with ribbons combining the colors of the two classes, blue and white and gold. The figures of "the dancers dancing in time," the forty girls moving in the moonlight to the strains of music which floated out from the windows of the cottage, formed a pretty picture. Supper was served at the Hall at 8.30. The gymnasium had been transformed with curtains and rugs and pictures, furnished with ten *late-a-tete* tables and decorated in every part with a profusion of spring flowers. Altogether it was a charming evening, and the elders who were admitted as privileged spectators, for a moment, were heard to go away murmuring snatches of a Virgil lesson learned years ago: "*Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*"

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?"

Wellesley was well represented at the meeting of the A. C. A. in Boston on Saturday afternoon. The chief feature of the meeting was an ably written paper upon "The Religion of Goethe" by Miss Yost of the College. A letter from the Philadelphia branch of the Association, announcing the establishment of a Teachers' Bureau, aroused some discussion and a vote was passed expressing the hearty interest of the Boston branch in the movement. Miss Scudder's encouraging report in regard to the new scheme of mission work in New York was received with warm applause. More than the required sum of money has been pledged, and residents have offered their services in greater number than can be accepted.

Misses Lottie and Fannie Massey, for several years special students at the College, are visiting Mrs. Durant in Wellesley.

Mrs. Minnie McLean Lewis, '79, will spend the summer at Tivoli-on-the-Hudson.

There is a peculiar appropriateness in asserting that Monday last was a red-letter day in the annals of '80. The scarlet geranium blooming in welcome on Mrs. Guild's hospitable doorsteps, 5 Marlborough street, Boston, interprets the epithet. Up these steps came trooping, soon after the hour of noon, thirteen Wellesley veterans of '80, Mrs. Tuttle from a Congregational parsonage at Jamaica Plain, Mrs. Mills from an Episcopal parsonage at Newton Highlands, Mrs. Norcross from her pleasant home at Wellesley Hills, Miss Blake from some book-strewn corner in Woburn, Miss Ruml from her school at Concord, Miss Stickney from D. C. Heath's business office, Miss Burrell from her snug retreat hard by, Miss Ayer from the sunshiny paths of Dana Hall, and the rest from the Chemical, Greek and English classrooms of the College. A smiling hostess warmly seconded the greeting of the class-flower, and entertained her classmates at the merriest of dinners, where not more than fourteen voices talked at once. The news of the revival of the Greek-letter Societies was received with lively demonstrations of joy, and the fourteen '80s present, the Zeta Alphas being in a triumphant majority, concurred in desiring to express to the new Phi Sigma and Zeta Alpha their most cordial congratulations.

The heartiest peals of laughter that were heard in the dining-room, however, rose at a later stage of the banquet, when the member from Concord, that philosophic realm whose high and mystic atmosphere excludes all common bruit and worldly rumor, inquired innocently: "But what is this Norumbega Fund you speak of?"

By way of statistics, the serious end of the table, after a few moments of impromptu mathematics, was able to announce to the frivolous end that at the present date the class of '80 had fifteen husbands and twenty babies, besides one well-grown daughter. When it was further stated that, in striking illustration of the judicious impartiality always so characteristic of '80, ten of these twenty babies were little boys and ten were little girls, the match-making mammas present fell on the spot to weaving ten little romances. The occasion was altogether one of genuine gladness, and if the enthusiastic group that gathered at Mrs. Guild's friendly bidding could have numbered forty, instead of fourteen, the feast would have been without a shadow. As it was, loving thoughts flowed out west and south, across the Atlantic, and beyond the limits of earthly space, to the absent. But although the class is not to know a complete re-union again beneath the skies, it is hoped that many of the far-away members will flock to Wellesley a year from the coming June for '80's decennial anniversary.

Born.

In Fall River, May 2, a son to Mrs. Grace Warren Van Kirk, student at Wellesley '85-'87.

College Notes.

President Shafer, who left Wellesley last Saturday morning to refresh himself by a brief visit at the Wellesley Preparatory School in Philadelphia, returned on Thursday the ninth.

Dr. Phillips Brooks will preach next Sunday in the College chapel, at three o'clock.

Next Monday evening a concert will be given by Miss Andrews and Miss Howe.

Miss Mabel Norton of '90 has been obliged to leave College because of illness.

The following is a clipping from an article on our Farnsworth Art Building, printed in the *Natick Citizen*:

In the construction of the entire building every precaution has been taken against danger from fire. Numerous fire stops are placed under floors, in partitions which could not be of brick walls, also in the stair cases. Thus the spread of fire is rendered almost impossible. In the finish, white wood is used in the lecture room and the art galleries, to be painted a modest color that will not affect any pictures placed thereon. All other parts are finished in northern ash which will be stained dark shades and polished. The walls and ceiling of the vestibule will be paneled in ash. In the other parts the woodwork will be finished with mouldings and they will be used all through the building where the walls and ceilings meet, varying in depth according to the size and height of the rooms.

Mrs. Henry Whitman whose recent paintings have excited so much interest at the exhibition of the St. Botolph Club, will deliver an Art lecture to the Art students and others next week Saturday.

*The Wellesley Prelude* is indebted to Miss Grace F. Thompson for an original design for its cover. As the *Prelude* is to be issued at the subscription price of two dollars a year, a much lower rate than is customary with like publications, the design is necessarily simple, but effective, consisting of the name gracefully lettered, a scroll bearing the motto, and a circle enclosing the face of a Greek girl with a far-away gaze, as of one looking outward and onward toward that larger future of Wellesley, to which the present is but prophecy and—*Prelude*.

The *Courant* thanks Prof. Denio for the following corrections: The reporter of Prof. Fay's lecture in the *Courant* for May 3d, says the lecture was illustrated by "old frescoes, thus giving not only a story of ancient German life, but also the representation of that story by *men who lived nearer those stirring times than we do.*" The pictures shown were views of modern frescoes by Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld. They are in the King's palace in Munich and were painted in 1842. Schnorr died in 1872. In the report of my first lecture Tundalus appeared Lunulus; 1300 as 1500.

From the *Boston Journal*: Miss Kin Kato, who came to this country from Japan some five years ago to be educated, left Salem for home via California, Monday. She has taken a course at the Salem Normal School and at Wellesley. During her stay in this country, she has embraced Christianity, and was on Sunday admitted to membership in the Tabernacle Church, Salem. When she came to America, it was understood to be the desire of the Japanese Government, that her religious ideas were not to be influenced, but that if she wished to embrace the Christian faith she should be at liberty to do so.

The Wide, Wide World.

May 4.—Foreign ambassadors not invited to the opening of the Paris Exposition. Two Irish members of Parliament released from prison. Forest fires in Wisconsin.

May 5.—President Carnot fired at by an unknown assailant. Disastrous inundation along the Saguenay River, Quebec. 4500 immigrants land at Castle Garden.

May 6.—Terrible destitution among Pennsylvania coal-miners. Bishop Keane returns from Europe with a distinguished body of professors for the new Roman Catholic university at Washington. Cold weather in Iowa. Opening of the Paris Exposition.

May 7.—Sugar Bounties bill opposed in England. Libby Prison wrecked while being moved to Chicago. Opening of the Johns Hopkins hospital at Baltimore. Illinois coal mines closed. Cyclone in Dakota.

May 8.—Bishop Potter commended by Philadelphia civil service reformers. Probability of an extra session of Congress. Cyclone in Kansas.

May 9.—The Vatican about to ask European government to consider the restoration of the temporal power of the pope. England annexes some Pacific islands. Pierce forest fires continue unchecked in the Northwest. Gen. Miles declares the Pacific coast at the mercy of a foreign country.

May 10.—The English House of Lords rejects the deceased wife's sister bill. Sir John McDonald to visit England. The warmest tenth of May in eighteen years.

Cycle Notes.

In riding much fatigue is due to the lack of a little careful attention to the individual adjustment of one's machine. The awkward movements of one's shoulders and body, the extreme difficulty of hill-riding as well as all undue exertion can be avoided by a correct mount—i. e. a perfectly erect carriage of head and shoulders, arms extended fully, hands grasping the steering handles, saddle so high that only the toes can touch the foot gear when the leg is extended downward.

In riding thus mounted the weight of the body gives sufficient propelling force, and most hills can easily be ridden by an almost imperceptible rise from the saddle to the toes, pulling at the same time with the arms unaided.

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